The Caledonian.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Thursday, Jan. 20, 1887

A GIRL'S SACRIFICE.

The saying of the Psalmist, that "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," sometimes appears to be wofully reversed in the human experience. Out of the sunshine of a great gladness the subject of the parental chastening steps into the shadow of disappointment and loss. The fair skies are overcast, and the poor, fluttering heart trembles at the onrolling storm.

It was thus with Agatha Trenton. On the heels of a well-nigh bewildering happiness had come a crushing disaster.

Agatha was the daughter of a Brakeshire clergyman, and was the eldest of a somewhat numerous family. Her mother, for several years, had been a complete invalid, and on Agatha's shoulders rested the burden of household management. It was not a light one. The vicar of Hiltworth had no private means, and his income from tithes and endowment was not large. There was need for considerable scheming and for continual self-denial, if the finance of the vicarage was to be ordered honestly in the sight of all men. It was probably the pressure of this load of care that made Agatha Trenton so different from other girls. At twenty-two there were those among her acquaintances who openly spoke of her as old-fashioned. She was fair of feature and graceful of figure; the most captious of critics was forced to admit so much. But there was about her a reticence, a peculiar, subdued air that seemed to shut her off behind walls of mental isolation.

"Agatha is a good girl—I only wish I were half as useful; but she'll never marry;" said vivacious Mabel Sutton to a friend. "Agatha keeps too much in the background; no lover will venture to approach."

It was an erring prophecy. In less than a fortnight from the evening of its utterance, the friend who had so gravely listened to it, had placed himself and his fortunes at Agatha's feet.

Roderick Dalling was a good match. He was proprietor of the mill which had just been opened at the north end of Hiltworth, and which was destined —or local opinion was mistaken—to revolutionize the hitherto quiet midland town. He had a handsome presence, an irreproachable character, the assurance of a moderate competency.

"My love is not the growth of yesterday," he pleaded; "it has been developing day by day for months; it grows stronger with every word I hear you speak. Give me an answer, Miss Trenton—Agatha!"

The maiden was rosy with surprise, and trembled at the vehemency of the young man's avowal. But already her heart was enlisted on Roderick's side, and before he left her she had shyly confessed the truth.

"I cannot deny that I do—care a little," she stammered; "but, indeed, I can't promise what you ask—this afternoon; I must have time to think. There are difficulties—"

Agatha was listening, as she spoke, to the echoes of noisy voices in the nursery, and before her mental retina rose the picture of the pale, suffering mother in the adjoining room. If she consented to forsake her home, the vicar would have to engage a housekeeper.

"I understand it all," Roderick replied, gently. "Nevertheless, I believe even your father—who must of necessity lose if I gain—will advise you to say 'yes.' I will call to-morrow and know my fate, Miss Trenton."

The morrow came, but the vicar of Hiltworth could answer no question of human lips. In the night-watches the master's messenger had visited the bedside of the faithful toiler. Francis Trenton had gone home. It was heart-disease, the physician said, from which, unsuspected even by himself, he had probably been in danger for many years.

The outlook for Agatha was entirely changed. When the last sad offices for the dear one had been fulfilled it was necessary to look the future fairly in the face; and this forecast was far from agreeable.

An insurance policy for no large sum represented the resources of the bereaved family. Mrs. Trenton was in despair. Fortunately, Agatha possessed a genuine talent for painting. She had already earned a slender store of gold by utilizing it, and now resolved to make a more extended and determined effort to conquer the appreciation of paying patrons. She must become, in a sterner sense than ever, the stay of the helpless household.

With an instinctive delicacy, Roderick Dalling refrained, during these days of trial, from even the remotest reference to the offer he had made. He expressed sympathy; he afforded unostentatious assistance where an opportunity disclosed itself. But of love he said nothing.

Yet the girl knew that, though silent, he was simply biding his time. Sooner or later it was inevitable that her ordeal should arrive. Alone, in the solitude of her chamber, not seldom seen on her knees she groped her way to a decision, and, having reached it, she held it fast. She would give Roderick up. She had no right to ask any young man to wait indefinitely, and to the struggle she had entered she saw no limit within a long vista of years. It was impossible that she should impose her burden upon Roderick, even if he were enamoured enough to invite it. She must fight her own battle with her own brain and fingers. The young manufacturer was expecting his brother from the North shortly. The two would then settle down together, and Roderick could find a wife and housemistress in—Agatha thought, with a pang—Mabel Sutton.

A whole month went by, and then Roderick ventured to speak.

"Agatha, dearest," he said, "can you not give me the promise for which I am waiting? I hope this is not too hasty an appeal, but I hear that Dr. Royal is about to remove from Brighton villa, and—and, if you give me permission, I will take the house; it is a commodious one."

It was the largest and best in Hiltworth, and the suggestion showed very clearly that Roderick Dalling desired to surround his wife with every comfort, and even luxury. But Agatha was firm. Duty demanded the sacrifice of sweet young hopes, and though now and again her heart died within her at the thought of the lonely lifetime that might lie ahead, the imperative claim should be obeyed.

"I thank you very much for the honor you have done me, Mr. Dalling," she replied, with the faintest perceptible quiver in her tone; "but I must refuse. I told you there were obstacles; they are quite insuperable."

"Quite! may I not help you to overcome them, Agatha?"

"No, no!" she cried, hastily; "indeed, it cannot be. If—if you care as you say—and as I believe—leave me; look for some one else. Probably I shall never marry. There are other girls."

"To me there is but one in the wide world," he aswered hoarsely: "still, I will not annoy you; I will wait. Good day, Agatha."

The conflict was over now, and the victory won. In the refuge of her own room a flood of tears came to the maiden's eyes. But something of thankfulness for a vanquished temptation mingled with that bitterness of renunciation. All was not gloom, though the lights of earthly ambition had gone out. In the exercise of unselfishness Agatha Trenton found a deep and abiding peace.

On learning of the vicar of Hiltworth's decease, and of the straightened circumstances of his family, certain friends in a southern centre exerted themselves to obtain admission for the two eldest lads into a high-class charitable institution, established for the sons of clergymen. The endeavor was successful, and it seemed to both Agatha and her mother that it would be best to remove into the immediate neighborhood of the school. The abandonment of the vicarage was in any case inevitable. There were few ties to bind the Trentons to Hiltworth, and so the project of departure was quickly carried out; at Melbury, within sound of the city hum, the wrestle with poverty was continued under slightly less strained conditions.

A correspondence was naturally maintained between Agatha and several of her midland acquaintances. But in all her letters the girl was exceedingly careful to avoid even the most distant and enigmatical reference to Roderick Dalling. His life and hers had drifted apart, and it was better that a thick veil of oblivion should cover the bygone episode of love-making. But before the summer was over a fragment of intelligence had come, which Agatha tried her hardest to receive with equanimity. "By-the-way, there was quite a fashionable marriage here, last week," wrote the unsuspecting friend: "Mr. Dalling and Mabel Sutton have gone into bonds of holy matrimony—isn't that the proper expression?" And then followed details of the bride's dress and behavior, which only a feminine pen could have mirrored so exactly, and only a lady's eyes could have been expected to pursue with interest and with orthodox admiration.

"It is all ended, then—all!" murmured poor Agatha, with a sigh and a stray tear. "I hope they will be—happy."

She went upstairs, sat down by her mother's sofa and read with even voice and unwonted pathos. She would crush down unlawful repinings at the very outset.

Very nearly two years had gone by in this placid humdrum manner. Agatha's painting had prospered, and the heavy breathing of the gaunt old wolf was no longer audible at the family door. Moreover Mrs. Trenton was distinctly improving in health and spirits. The change to Melbury had accomplished what medicine could only feebly attempt. The boys were doing well with their studies, and the three younger children were day by day becoming more hopeful. The horizon was decidedly brighter than at any date since the death of the reverend father, and the good fortune—so far as Agatha was concerned had not yet reached its climax.

Strange stories had recently drifted to Melbury respecting the doings at Hiltworth. It was said that coal had been discovered in the vicinity; that a mining shaft had been sunk in a field in the rear of Messrs. Dalling Bros.' mill, and that nothing short of an industrial revolution was before the entire district. Agatha longed to explore for herself these wonders, but scarcely dared to venture as yet into the possible presence of her ancient lover, even if she could easily have spared the time; she had to be content with the reports of her correspondents for awhile.

It was a hot August day, and the silence of the summer noontide seemed to have penetrated into every cottage and homestead in Melbury. The ticking of the corner clock was the solitary sound that troubled the repose of Agatha's trim little kitchen. The girl was pausing in her task of setting in order some sketching materials. Suddenly a ring came at the bell. She hurried through the passage and opened the door.

"Agatha in person? Surely a good sign!" said Roderick Dalling, impulsively, with out-stretched hand.

The girl had paled, and with difficulty repressed a cry of eager joy. Her surprise betrayed her unquenched affection.

"Mr. Dalling! Where is your wife?" she faltered at last.

"My wife?"

"Yes; I heard of your marriage many months ago."

A sudden light broke upon him.

"That was my brother," he answered.

"Dick fell in love with Miss Sutton, and the engagement was a very short one. You did not think me so fickle, Agatha?"

What could she say? The reproach in his tone had gone to her heart, and stirred strange depths of passion and of happiness. She was silent and her eyes refused to meet Roderick's earnest gaze.

The visitor was standing in the old-fashioned parlor now, and without resistance he had drawn Agatha to him.

"I have waited as I said I would," he whispered; "I knew the cause of your objection, and I honored you for it. I meant to make a fortune and then come to you again, if it were years hence. But you have given me wealth, and all I have to do is to ask that you will share it."

"I?—how?"

"Instead of taking Brighton villa I bought the Moorfield. You have heard the result?"

"Coal has been discovered."

"That coal would belong to-day to another but for your decision of self-sacrifice. Half of it is fairly yours, Agatha. Will you accept it?"

Roderick had no need of spoken reply.

"But how did you find me out?" she asked, some minutes later.

"Through Alice Frowde—I should suppose your leading correspondent. I have really never lost sight of you, Agatha."

Before the harvest shocks had vanished from the Brakeshire hillsides there was a wedding in Hiltworth, and faithful, patient waiting and service received their due reward.

Patrick Hassett of Montpelier, a section man on the Central Vermont railroad, on Monday froze both ears, one cheek and the ends of his fingers on both hands, while going to Barre on a handcar.

At the annual meeting in Brattleboro the Vermont Live Stock company re-elected Leroy F. Adams manager, and made John D. Stevens superintendent, with Arthur B. Clapp a director in place of A. D. Davenport. The company's ranch covers about forty square miles along the Little Missouri, 75 miles north of the Black Hills. They started about two and one-half years ago, and are now caring for about 10,000 head of cattle and 175 horses.

JUDGE POLAND AT HOME.

A Story of a Night with a Catamount—A Fierce Fight.

From Mail and Express.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., Jan. 5.—With a slow and majestic tread, as if he were unwilling to hasten under the immense load of brain he carries, with his big white head uncovered and his traditional old brass-buttoned, blue swallow-tail flapping in the wind, ex-senator, ex-congressman and ex-republican leader Luke P. Poland stalks out into the piazza of his hotel bright and early every morning and sniffs the mountain air. Judge Poland is now past 75, and 14 years older than he was when he was chairman of the committee that dug up the Credit Mobilier scandal and the political graves of so many leaders besides. But he doesn't look changed a particle since those days, and his solid frame and dogged and resolute face show that there is lots of fight left in the old man yet. At present he is leading a very quiet and retired life here, devoting his time to edifying the natives with sage opinions and stories of olden times and waiting, so people say, for a good chance to stick the knife into that ancient statesman, Senator Justin S. Morrill.

"When I was a boy," said the Judge this morning, as he blew a long and portentous blast on an enormous bandana, which he fished out from under the blue swallow-tails—"when I was a boy the woods in Vermont were mighty thick and the settlers were few. At that time the woods were full of catamounts or loup-cervier—'loo sevee,' the hunters called them—and the farmers had great to do to keep the fierce beasts from carrying off their sheep and killing their cattle. I loup-cervier is pretty nearly as big as a mastiff, as fierce as a tiger and as strong as a lion, and is altogether about as uncomfortable a creature to deal with as ever lived. My father had with him on his farm then a man named Jonas Shepherd, a fellow of prodigious strength and such great courage that I don't believe he ever knew the sensation of fear. My father had not lost much by the loup-cerviers, because he had kept his stock securely closed in a strong shed, which none of the prowling beasts had yet succeeded in breaking into. The house stood on the edge of the clearing, and back of it for miles and miles there was nothing but the mountains and woods. One night the family had all gone to bed except Shepherd, who sat up by the big pine fire shelling corn with a jack-knife stuck in a log of wood. All of a sudden he heard a crash from the cattle shed and a big noise among the cattle. He dashed out in his shirt sleeves and found that an enormous loup-cervier, the biggest of his kind ever seen in the country, had broken in the roof of the shed and was in among the sheep.

"As soon as he heard Shepherd approaching he jumped to the roof of the shed and crouching for a moment, sprang through the air for the intruder. Shepherd jumped aside and the big cat landed harmlessly on the ground. In an instant he was up again and a furious battle between the man and the savage brute began. Shepherd had a knife, and for a moment he tried to make it reach a vital spot, while the 'loo' screamed and bit and tore its tremendous claws through the man's flesh. The noise of the fight awakened the rest of the family and father, grabbing up a pine torch from the fire, ran out of the house. He was just in time to see a curious spectacle. Shepherd, without a stitch of clothing on and covered from head to foot with blood, was holding the screaming, 'loo' by the throat and heels high above his head, and running as fast as he could towards the woods. We all dashed after him, and were just in time to see the end of the contest. Shepherd ran into the brook until he was in to his waist, and then plunged the ferocious brute in out of sight. There was a tremendous struggle for a few minutes, during which Shepherd's blood dyed the brook red, and then everything was still. Then Shepherd came out, dragging the drowned body of the 'loo' after him. We got him to bed as soon as possible and did everything to relieve him, but it was more than three months before he was able to stir, and he never quite recovered from his injuries. My father said he counted more than 200 distinct wounds on his body. Old hunters said that if he hadn't had sense enough to drown the brute he would have been killed sure. The fight took place where one of the finest churches in New England stands to-day."

The Proof-Reader.

The Printing Press.

The proof-reader has long shared with the "intelligent compositor" the reputation for that total depravity which has made a writer say "see the pale martyr with shirt on fire," when he wrote "in sheet of fire;" and to ask "is there no barn in Guilford," when he meant "is there no balm in Gilead;" to speak of his love of "alum water," when he wrote "Alma Mater," and to speak of "a mysterious dispensation of Providence" as "a mysterious disappearance of provisions." The silence of the proof-reader has been taken either as evidence of his guilt or that he was proof against reproofs. He has borne contumely long enough, and he rises to "hurl back" the charges and to "nail lies to the counter" and to "thrust the base falsehoods down the throat of his cowardly vituperator," as the contributors to the popular periodical, the congressional Record, are in the habit of saying. The worm has turned at last, and a rather lively turn it is. He expresses his wonder that nothing has ever been said in praise of proof-readers. Of course, this might surprise a proof-reader, but any experienced writer for the press will not be astonished at it at all. The writer will know that he has time and time again written the most glowing eulogies of proof-readers and their assistants—tributes that statesmen might envy and good men crave. But the the proof-reader has never allowed them to appear in print. Where the writer has said that the proof-reader was a "benefactor to his race," it has appeared "as a benighted scapegrace;" when he has called him the "salt of the earth," it comes to the surface as "scum of the earth;" when he has spoken of the "ease and comfort" a good proof-reader gives him, he is made to say an "escaped convict," and when he has referred to the proof-reader's "saintly grace," the public first learns of it as a "snake in the grass." That is why nothing has ever appeared in print in praise of the proof-reader. The protesting proof-reader is not willing to believe that every one of his species is "full of malice toward authors and hates the whole world." And then the man actually goes on to speak a good word for himself and his kind. At this rate the barber will be defending his talking; the mother-in-law will clamor for a hearing; the plumber will be piping up in his own behalf; the Chinese laundryman claiming a right to live a cleanly and honest life, and turkeys speak their minds about Thanksgiving. What is the world coming to? However, since the proof-reader has been graciously allowed to have his say, it is perhaps worth while, as a mild amusement, to hear how he puts the case. In the first place, he says that an author intent on his work is necessarily careless about his handwriting. He cannot break the flow of his thoughts to dot his "i's" and cross his "t's." Each author has a peculiar penmanship. The proof-reader takes the manuscript and tries to catch the purport of the author's thought. He has scarcely done so, when in comes another mass of proof and manuscript of an entirely different character; and a new thread has to be picked up until another interruption. This is not for a moment, but all night all the week, all the year. After puzzling himself until he is half blind, his brain weary, and work pushing him incessantly, a letter may be left out or a comma inserted in the wrong place when slam-bang goes a volley at the proof-reader! He has seen an author scold a proof-reader for some trifling oversight when that same day the proof-reader had corrected an historical blunder which would have cost the author dearly had it seen the light. He has seen an author brag of his penmanship, and when his manuscript has been sent to him because it was unreadable, he himself was scarcely able to decipher it. It would be well to have a proof-readers' union formed, the members of which should agree to ruin authors by letting the world see their blunders and inaccuracies; for the wrongs of the long-suffering proof-reader are many.

A MOTHER DISCUSSES SUFFRAGE.

N. Y. Witness.

First, would it on the whole be a benefit for women to vote?

Second, do the women really want the suffrage?

Now, I want to give my humble opinion about both. In the first instance, the very fact, if there was evidence that woman was going to have the ballot, would cause a great commotion in our country. The very hope of it would cause a feeling of joy through the whole being of the broken hearted wives and mothers of our land. Hope would make a rift through the black clouds of want and sorrow, for they would feel like the mariner in the terrible storm that we sing of when he first saw the star of Bethlehem. Oh, how I do wish I could make the whole world understand what that joy and hope would be to so many of our worthy women! There would be so much of real "benefit" to a large share of homes just for the courage it would give them to wait a little longer; to feel that the feet of their loved ones, who had stepped on the inclined plane whose lower end was in "outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth," might be saved if woman could only vote. If there was no other benefit that could come that would well pay for giving her the ballot.

Another sensation would be the dynamite bomb thrown into the ranks of the rumseller when he felt his soul-destroying business lifted up and out of the nation's commerce by the aid of the new voting force.

The second is: Does she want it? Every good cause has been unpopular in starting. It has been so, ever since the promise was given to our first parents, that the Saviour would bruise the head of serpent. No matter how great and good, if it has for its object a glorious reform for our world, it must feel the "bite at its heel." It must be so, it ever has, but when the work of a great reform is of God, the bitten one will bind up the wounded heel and fight till it conquers. I know full well there are thousands of the very best women of America, that to-day are sending urgent prayers to heaven,that are lodged with the "souls under the altar of God, adding power to the cry, "How long, O Lord, dost Thou not avenge us on the demon rum, that blasphemes our God and ruins our homes and country!" And still, these women do not want the ballot. They know and feel that the men who can vote should banish this monster from us. If they could only realize that God requires us sometimes to help answer our own prayers, they might feel not only to ask, but to pray earnestly for it.

Only a few years ago a convention of distillers and brewers in Chicago resolved: "That in all the ways possible they would oppose woman's suffrage, for if they got the ballot their business would come to an end." This alone should make every woman that is true to God and home and native land reach out her hand for the ballot. I feel as though the greatest reason why our very best women do not ask for the ballot is because they say "bad women will vote." Do they realize that there is not a bad woman unless there is a bad man somewhere to make her so? If women had the ballot and would banish liquor from our country there would be but few bad men comparatively to what there are now.

For every man redeemed from drinking liquor we cannot tell the number of women that would become pure and vote right. How our noble women are coming to the front in our national temperance work! We all rejoice that our Frances E. Willard came to the "kingdom in such a time as this." Who knows how many Frances Willards are now in our schools and colleges of learning, making ready to put on the harness and take up the work of those who are now bearing the burden imposed upon them by our men voters who dare not use the God-given power to banish liquor.

There came a time when a military necessity came to our armies, and the slave was made free. Must there come a political necessity, when woman must take the ballot to keep our nation from a drunkard's grave? Already there may be a Moses among the workingmen, who, with shoes off, is standing before the "burning bush," while he hears, "I have seen the affliction of My people," who are enslaved by alcohol, and "have come down to deliver them. And in some way, if not our way, will provide a way it shall be done."

Beaten at His Own Game.

Boston Herald.

Recently a young physician of the Harvard medical school conceived the idea of playing a joke on Miss Annie Copeland, one of the lady students of the college of physicians and surgeons, and at the same time rubbing out an old score he had laid up against her. His plans were carefully mapped out, and everything being in readiness, the lady was called upon to attend a case of fracture of the leg. Somewhat astonished, she promptly answered the summons of suffering humanity, confident in her ability to sustain the dignity of the profession she had adopted. On arriving at the residence indicated, she was surprised to find her patient to be a man about 40 years old, apparently suffering the most excruciating pains. Moving the covering, she discovered the fracture to be that of a wooden leg. Nothing daunted, and without showing any evidence of her discovery, she quietly replaced the covering, said she must go for some splints and bandages, and would return immediately. She did so, bringing with her some small pieces of brass and brass nails, with which she at once proceeded to repair the fractured limb. The surgical operation was performed in a remarkably short space of time, and the injury left to the healing process of nature. She quietly gave the necessary directions, informed the man that he would be all right in a day or two, and that her bill was $25. It is scarcely necessary to say that the fee was not forthcoming, the matter being treated as a good joke. Next morning, however, Miss Copeland appeared on the scene with a constable and, much to the chagrin of the son of Esculapius, collected her fee. It would seem that, if the young, graduates of Harvard medical school wish to get ahead of the lady students of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, they will have to rise very early, and use more brass than Miss Copeland did in reducing the fracture of the wooden leg.

A Deal in Real Estate.

A settler who has lived in Dakota several years has a son who went a little further west in the territory a few months ago and took up some land. Recently the son returned, and after staying at home a few days took the old gentleman to one side, and said:

"Father, I've got a pretty fine piece of land out there."

"That's mighty good, William."

"Yes, but I think I'll unload. I've got a fifty-foot well dug, and now I want to ask your advice as to what I'd better discover."

"Well a matter like this takes some thought. I worked off a farm in Iowa once on coal, and 'nother in Wisconsin on gold. They're getting pretty old, though."

"Yes, that's what I thought. It's the same way with silver and oil."

"Yes, though I can remember the time when there wasn't nothin' like oil for the business. A good, steady-goin', reliable young man could pour a couple of barrels uv petroleum down a hole and clear $10,000 on the transaction in twenty-five hours. Times ain't what they used to be fer an industri'us man."

"No, I suppose not, father. I read the other day of a man who did the business with natural gas."

"Natural gas! That's the idee! Give me yer hand William. That's the stuff to discover! Just throw a dead hoss down that well uv yourn and wait a couple uv weeks and shuv yer farm onto a spec'later from New York for $20,000. Go right along t'day and 'tend ter it, and, Bill remember that hon'sty's the best pol'cy, and don't try to sell till the hoss gets smelling pretty strong. Just you foller in the footsteps uv yer father, my son—he ain't got quite so much style 'bout him as some of those Eastern spec'laters, but no man can say he ever done a dishonest act. Come back and make a good long visit when you get the deal closed."

SQUIBS.

Fresh resolutions, like fresh eggs, are getting very scarce.—[Free Press.

The law cannot make a man moral, but it can make him dreadfully uncomfortable when he is immoral—[Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun.

Sexton—"I beg your pardon, sir, but the services are over." Sleeper—"f you'll build it this mornin' Maria, I won't ask you ag'in all winter."

Hotel porter to gentleman in the washroom: "Is yo' a guest ob de hotel, sir?" Gentleman (paying $4 a day:) "Guest? No, I'm a victim."—[Puck.

He—"You don't sing or play? Then I presume you write or paint?" She—"Oh no! I'm like the young man we meet in society. I simply sit and look around and try to look intelligent."

Bilkins—"Send me up two tons of coal and I will settle the first of the month." Coal dealer (derisively) "Chestnut!" Bilkins (anxious to misunderstand) "Yes, chestnut will do, I guess."

If you have ever noticed the men who occupy the front seats at theatres, you must have remarked how much more polite they are then the ladies. They do not even wear any hair.—[Burlington Free Press.

Fogg—"Dreadfully close here. I think I'll open the transom." Smoothbore—"Ah, that makes me think of a story." Binks—"What does?" Smoothbore—"Why, Fogg opening the transom." Binks—"Fogg, shut that transom."

"Mary Jane Berks." "What ma'am?" "What be you a-doin?" "I'm eatin' pie, ma'am." "What be you a-eatin' it with?" "Knife." "So you be! Now what have I told you about eatin' pie with your knife, Mary Jane? Take that pie up in your hand, and eat it as you ought to."

Dr. E. W. Royce.

Remarkable Discoveries in Medicine.

A Certain Cure for all Forms of Chronic Diseases.

Health and disease are physical conditions upon which depend pleasure or pain, contentment or unhappiness, success or failure. Health is essential to the accomplishment of every purpose, while sickness thwarts the best intentions and loftiest aims; hence people cannot afford to be sick. The human being is the crowning work of the Creator; and when this complicated structure, so exquisitely wrought, is disturbed by disease, the most sufficient aid should be sought from the most skilled physician, for the human body is too precious to be neglected.

No physician can be equally skilled in all forms of disease, and no one in the common, every day practice of medicine can possibly compound the necessary remedial agents to cure chronic or lingering diseases. Dr. E. W. Royce of Boston, now at the Avenue house, St. Johnsbury, Vt., has met a public need and is a great benefactor to the sick.

His means are so ample, and his resources so abundant, that he is enabled, in almost all cases of chronic diseases, to effect a perfect and complete cure by means of HARMLESS VEGETABLE REMEDIES.

A Wonderfully Successful Treatment.

In the history of medical science, there is no physician who has done more for the alleviation of human suffering and the cure of disease than Dr Royce. Receiving his thorough medical education at the best medical colleges in the land, he early became convinced that the mode of treating disease by means of poisonous drugs always resulted in injury to the system. He therefore turned his study and investigation to the harmless vegetable remedies in the laboratory of NATURE. After graduating and receiving his medical diplomas, he further pushed his investigations in the treatment of diseases, by vegetable remedies, twice visiting the hospitals of Europe in order to prosecute his research among the methods of treatment in the OLD WORLD.

Life being too short for a physician to learn all there is in the vast science of medicine, he has made the study and investigation of the treatment of one class of disease—the cure of chronic or long-standing complaints—a life work; and the result is certainly marvelous. Vegetable remedies were discovered for different diseases, which were wonderful in their effects. Thousands of cases of chronic diseases given up as incurable by other physicians, were restored to sound and perfect health under the use of these

Remarkable Medical Discoveries.

The Doctor's constant study has been to perfect the treatment for this class of diseases. Year by year new discoveries have been made—the result of patient investigation—until at present a system of curing all forms of chronic or lingering diseases is established at his office which is now open at the Avenue house, St. Johnsbury, Vt. The success of which is without parallel in the history of medicine.

The reason of the Doctor's great popularity throughout the country is because he cures his patients, uses only harmless vegetable remedies, and charges only a moderate price for treatment. Although having a large and extensive practice, and having his time in constant demand the Doctor has steadily maintained his

System of Small Charges.

This gives to all the advantage of eminent and skillful advice, and places the wonderful benefits of this treatment within the reach of all. Consultation free.

Important to the Sick. Dr. Royce's New System of Treatment by Harmless Vegetable Remedies.

Their wonderful curative powers in all forms of chronic diseases.

Dangers of the Uses of Poisonous Drugs

The object in publishing this in these columns is to furnish to those afflicted with chronic or long-standing diseases, such reliable information as will enable them to determine the true character of their disease, and the best means to be adopted for a cure. It is a fact which the community have been made to bitterly realize, that ordinary physicians do not cure chronic diseases; and it is only just and right that the reason should be explained for this lack of success on the part of the physician to cure this, by far the largest class of diseases.

Years of study and observation demonstrate that the real cause of this failure to cure lies in the fact that physicians of all schools of practice use in their treatment of disease poisonous drugs, which not only do not and cannot cure, but are a positive injury to the system. The injurious effects of these drugs are made apparent every day, in the weak and debilitated condition of mind and body, the shattered nervous sytem with persons rise from fevers or other acute diseases, in the rapid increase of invalidism, and sudden and inexplicable deaths, many of the deaths from heart or brain disease, many of the cases of indigestion, kidney and liver complaints, are directly the result of the action of strong poisonous medicine.

Professor VanDucen of Paris in commenting upon this subject, says: "We cannot accept the theory that a poison which we know will injure or kill a well person is going to prove curative and health giving when given to one who is sick. We believe that science and common sense should go hand in hand; and it is certainly not common sense to say that a deadly poison can, under any circumstances, be beneficial or curative.

It is for this reason that we accept so fully the theory of Dr. Royce of Boston, Mass. The doctor believes that all poisons are injurious to the system. The doctor has furnished all the harmless vegetable remedies necessary to cure all forms of disease. Acting upon this theory he discards all poisonous drugs, and by study and deep research has developed a system of curing diseases, especially those of a chronic or long standing form, by the use of harmless vegetable remedies, which are cleansing, purifying, and invigorating.

"This is not mere theory, but an established fact; and the doctor's remarkable cures of cases of disease, in many instances where all hope was lost and the case given up as incurable by physicians of eminence, demonstrate that he is upon the right track. We are constantly meeting people who have been restored to health by this treatment; and the doctor's fame is not a local one, as the sick come from all parts of the country to be healed by these mild but efficacious remedies.

"We speak strongly, because we know whereof we speak. We have seen cases of chronic diseases fade and sink under treatment by poisonous drugs; and have seen the same invalids, under the use of these vegetable remedies, gain rapidly until perfect and permanent health was restored. We believe this theory and practice of medicine an advance in the right direction, and we predicted from the first that the people would readily see its truth and accept the wonderful benefits of its practice. And the result has certainly borne out our predictions, for thousands of sufferers from chronic diseases have been cured by these remedies; and, from the many constantly applying for treatment, we are satisfied that a new era in medical history has begun,—an era in which the sick may be relieved from their ills without being dosed with poisonous drugs, which are often dangerous and always of more or less injury to the system."

Health.

Being such a priceless blessing it behooves those possessing it to see to it that it is not lost, and those who have it not, to resort to such means as will effect its restoration. It becomes a question, then, what physician shall we employ? Physicians cannot be equally skilled in the treatment of all classes of disease.

The common doctor, even though he has the inclination, has neither the time nor the facilities to give the study to the treatment of chronic complaints, which is absolutely necessary to understand their complications and their cure. He has not seen a case like yours; he feels he cannot afford to loose your friendship or custom; he is too proud to tell you that he knows nothing about the case, and so he experiments with his drugs until your case becomes critical, and, perhaps, incurable. On the contrary, Dr. Royce, who makes a specialty of chronic diseases, understands your case at once. He has seen and cured many like it; he administers the proper remedies, and restoration to health is the result.

Office open from 9 a. m. to 8 p. m., at

Avenue House. St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Case of Rheumatism Cured, called Paralysis.

Cured after all other doctors have failed. Mr. Henry A. Daniels of Middlesex, Vt., was attacked last spring with what "his physician called" Paralysis of his right arm, in a short time losing the use of his arm and fingers, and swelled to an enormous size. He suffered the most excruciating pain, which unfitted him for any labor, and soon became so bad that he could not feed himself with that hand or move a finger. After exhausting the home talent he consulted other experts, which gave him up as incurable. Perfectly cured by Dr. Royce in two weeks. ☞ Will answer all inquiries.

Another Remarkable Cure.

The testimony of a man in Montpelier, Vt., who had been treated by over twenty different leading physicians, and his case given up as hopeless, cured in less than three months by Dr. Royce. Here are his own words for it.

"For fifteen years I have been troubled with my stomach and bowels, which would prostrate me from two to six weeks so that I would be unable to do any labor. My pains were so severe as to cause vomiting, which would last three or four hours, at times it would relieve me, and sometimes not. I was taken down with the same trouble, only worse than ever before, applied to our most eminent physicians in Montpelier and Washington county, but to no purpose. I got no permanent relief from any of them. I got prescriptions from physicians in Maine, New Hampshire and Boston, and for nearly three years I did not get a good night's rest, my pains in my stomach and bowels were so severe. My system was reduced from 156 to 107 pounds, and I looked like a walking corpse, and thought nothing but death would end my misery. I have the names of twenty doctors that have treated my case, but to no temporal relief. I have resorted to various kinds of patent medicines, but to no good. I was advised to go to the seaside, and spent a few weeks of the summer of 1883 on the coast of Maine and Massachusetts, but came home no better. In the spring and summer of 1885 I was taken again, and for six weeks I vomited every day, and gave up all hope of ever being any better; got reduced again in flesh. The 27th of January I vomited something evidently from my stomach which I now have in my possession, that can be seen by any one calling on me. I did not vomit so much after that, but still had the pain as usual. When reading the advertisement of Drs. Severance & Royce my wife persuaded me to go and see them, and I went, but with no faith whatever. Dr. Royce took my case, said he knew what my trouble was and could help me. I put myself under his treatment, and have been gaining from the first treatment and feel like a new man, eat well, sleep well, and work all day. I now weigh 138 pounds, and can do a good day's work. Many of my friends saw the change and asked me what I had been doing, and what had caused the change in my appearance, and I tell them that Dr. Royce's medicine did it, and many of them have gone to him and been cured.

JOHN VOODRY,
Montpelier, Vt.

P. S.—Will answer all inquiries in writing. Please enclose a stamp for reply.

The Deaf Hear.

[Rutland (Vt.) Review, Sept. 13, 1885.]

Of the hundreds of cases successfully treated by Drs. Severance & Royce during their stay here, our personal attention has been directed to a number; but perhaps none of them is more wonderful than that of the twelve-years old daughter of Mrs Ellen Davis of North Chester, Vt. From early infancy this child has been very delicate, and was long a sufferer from catarrh of a very distressing and obstinate nature, causing at times enlargement of the tonsils to that degree that it was with difficulty she could swallow solid food. The child has always been deaf—in later years it being almost impossible to make her hear anything. The child was put under treatment from Drs. Severance & Royce, not, however, until physicians had expressed the opinion that there was no help for her. From a private letter from Mrs. Davis we quote as follows:

"Last May my attention was called to the advertisement of Drs. Severance & Royce, and I determined to make one more effort, having, however, little faith that she would receive any benefit. The result is truly astonishing. She is now a healthy child, can bear exposure to all kinds of weather, and is entirely cured of her deafness. Every one who sees her remarks on her improved appearance, and regards it as simply wonderful that such a change should take place in so short a time. I would advise all who are similarly afflicted to consult these physicians without delay."

This case is more remarkable in that the child was deaf almost from birth, and it was more a constitutional difficulty than local. Drs. Severance & Royce have had remarkable success in the treatment of deafness, and they have in all chronic effections; and so long as they are here all sufferers should take advantage of the visit and consult them.

After Seven Years.

We recently published an account of a remarkable cure of a bed-ridden lady in Bennington by Dr. E. W. Royce, who is now at the Bates House in this village. Many have expressed doubt as to the truth of the report, and have taken measures to authenticate or disprove it. To-day we have seen a lady in this village who for seven years has been a helpless cripple, suffering from partial paralysis and rheumatism. During this time this lady, Mrs. A. B. Case, who now resides with her daughter over G. H. & H. W. Cheney's store, has never lifted her foot from the floor without artificial aid. Her whole left side has during this time been affected by disease, and during nearly three years of the time she was never taken from the bed except as she was lifted in the sheets. During the long years of her illness she was attended by physicians here and in Brandon, and one after another have given her up as incurable. One week ago last Wednesday Dr. Royce was called to see her. He took the case for treatment, and Mrs. Case began taking his medicine. Last Wednesday afternoon she arose from her wheel-chair, and leaning with her hand on the back of another chair walked across the room. The next day in the same manner she walked from her room to the kitchen, passing through an intervening room, and she can raise up her foot and throw it forward very freely. This improvement has all taken place in less than ten days' treatment under Dr. Royce, and she is every day gaining, both as regards the use of her limbs and her general health.

Mrs. Case is a lady 54 years old, and her rapid recovery is the more remarkable in view of this fact. There can be no doubt of the Doctor's understanding of medicine when his prescriptions produce such wonderful results. He has seen the lady but twice personally, and did not give her any encouragement that she would be able to walk or move about under three month's time; and Mrs. Case and her friends are the more grateful to Dr. Royce for the very speedy relief he has brought his patient. This is a case right here in our own midst, and any one doubting the statement made in regard to it are referred to the lady herself or any member of her family for corroborative evidence. The Doctor when he took the case was confident of his ability to affect a cure, and it is to his credit that he claimed less than he accomplished.—Rutland Herald.

Case of Organic Heart Disease.

Mrs. E. A. Ball, Alstead, N. H. Organic heart disease. Treated by many doctors. Improved at once, and can ride and walk with ease.

A Case of Spinal Disease Cured.

MRS. CELIA GOSSELIN, who resides on Centre street, was for two years afflicted with spinal disease, and was unable to do anything much of the time, and was unable to leave her bed. During the two years of her illness she constantly employed physicians, but one and all pronounced her case incurable. She was reduced in flesh almost to a skeleton, and was hopeless and discouraged. It was in this condition that she called on Dr. Royce to consult with him, and after being treated by him two months she is able to do her own work and is robust and healthy. She has gained greatly in flesh, and is, so far as her former complaint is concerned, perfectly cured. She called on us and stated the above facts, which we corroborated by inquiry into the case, and wished us to publicly acknowledge her gratitude to this physician for the relief he has brought her, and to add to those already published her recommend of Dr. Royce's methods and treatment to other afflicted ones. Dr. Royce informs us that the case of Mrs. Gosselin was a very promising one, and when he first began did not promise her a cure, but thought he could relieve her in a considerable degree. The success which attended her treatment is therefore no less gratifying to him than to the patient.—[Rutland Review.

Fifty-Two Years of Suffering.

Dr. Royce, during his former visit here treated Mr. J. M. Goodenough of Pittsford, Vt., for a chronic difficulty of 52 years' standing, and also for a kidney trouble from which be had suffered for 15 years. Mr. Goodenough is 72 years of age, and his recovery from both complaints is the more remarkable on that account. He had tried various physicians at home and abroad without relief, but in three weeks after he consulted Dr. Royce he was relieved of both. He was in our office the other day, looking as hale and hearty as many do at fifty years, and he was very pronounced in his endorsements of Dr. Royce. Mr. Goodenough is one of the wealthy men in this section, and his character for integrity and veracity is well known. Therefore, when he says that Dr. Royce's treatment has cured him, it is believed that such is the case. And so great is his confidence in this physician that he has had an invalid daughter and granddaughter come from New York to be treated by him.—Rutland Review, Oct. 20, 1885.

MRS. C. F. NASON, West Brattleboro, Vt. Inflammatory bladder; a council of three doctors gave her up to die within 24 hours, stopped all medicines, releived by our treatment, was about the house in ten days, rode out in three weeks, is now well.

MRS. E. A. HASTINGS. Catarrh for 15 years, used remedies of every description, treated by the local and city physicians without any relief, was perfectly cured in 12 weeks. Will answer all inquiries.

MR. ISAIAH MARLEY of Guildhall, Vt. Throat, lungs and kidney disease, was treated for five years and given up by home doctors, could not speak above a whisper or lie down at night, cured in two weeks.

MRS. E. J. UIPER, Hinsdale, N. H. Kidney disease for eight years, cured in seven weeks.

CHILD of Mr. W. C. Wheeler had eczema for four years, head and body a perfect scale, hair all gone, been treated by 15 different doctors before coming to Dr. Royce. Cured in three months. 80-92*